"Jim clasped the poor little light weight more warmly in his arms." p. 115.

OUR NEIGHBOUR, WIDOW YATES.

BY GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT TAKES TWO TO A BARGAIN."

It was the last week in February, and Sarah Stokes, with the terribly thin, shadowy remnant of the once blooming little Charlie Yates in her arms, was travelling south to the small country town nearest to that part of the line on which her husband was engaged.

Five or six times since Christmas Eve the navvy's great heavy feet had carried him out to the village church. His unusual height and breadth and heavy features could not have failed to attract the notice of less observant eyes than those of this especial vicar. Twice he came and went unspoken to. Immediate attention is apt to frighten away this class of hearers. But the third time the clergyman contrived to be outside his church after the service almost as quickly as this unknown member of his congregation, and he walked the whole way back with him to the roadside hut. A few days later he travelled fifty miles to the Junction to meet the liberated Josh, and take him in charge, that he

might be rescued, if possible, from further evil deeds and bad companionship.

"There is some as cares, then, for other folks well as themselves," murmured Jem more than once that day, as he worked away in his cutting, and thought of his new friend the clergyman giving up valuable hours to fetch his boy. "More'n I've ever yet done fur Josh, myself!" he ejaculated. "Parson said in's sermon t'other day, 'like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities us.' Good thing the Lord don't take pattern by me. I didn't need to go blaming Sal for the lad turning out a young blackguard. 'Tain't only Mary Yates as keeps things honest as daylight in their home. Sandy's took his share—aye, and a precious good 'un, too. And——"

The navvy lifted his pick, and brought it down with a tremendous force unusual even to his giant arms. When the subsequent wrench had done that stroke of work he pushed the stubbly hair up from his wet forehead, and continued the interrupted soliloquy.

"And I've took my share in our state o' things, and a precious bad 'un, too."

The newly-aroused longing to take a share henceforth in something better, and that ever-growing craving for a home and a tea-table like the Yateses, led to his despatching a letter to Sarah, desiring her to leave Peterson and take up her abode for the present in lodgings he had hired in that neighbourhood, very near the village church.

The first reply Jim Stokes received to his instructions was a very ill-written, scarcely legible, but wrathful declaration that nothing should bring her trapesing over the country after him.

"Then for once in your life ye'll have to work to keep yourself," returned her husband; "for not one penny piece will ye get from me to pay lodging or bread and cheese, so long as ye stay away."

Jim's natural doggedness would have led him to persist in his demand under any circumstances, when it was once made; but something more subtle than obstinacy, and of an infinitely higher character, added strength to his present resolve.

Many things and many people had helped to arouse a belief in the man's soul that something better and higher than his own life was fact, and not only talk and outside show. To begin with, there had been his acquaintance Sandy's unselfishness; then came that glimpse into a Christian man's cottage home. The wife was in trouble and anxiety, but that made no plea for confusion. Evidently orderliness, quietness, and peace were too well established, and upon too true a foundation, to be easily shaken from their throne.

These two things brought thought, and thought with Jim Stokes was like his footsteps, slow and heavy, but sure.

Then had come upon him disgrace of a kind that even he felt keenly. Disgrace through his boy, his only child. And the sting of Sarah's taunts as to his gross neglect of his son returned upon him with fresh force.

Then followed the sense of loneliness, of dreariness and desolation; and close upon that the clergyman's words in the church porch to one apparently in somewhat like case with himself.

One thing had worked in with another, until the time arrived when the navvy's brain grew wide-awake to the conviction that life had something better to offer in the way of brightness and comfort than perpetual drinking bouts, with no other variation than that from sick stupidity to mad fury and back again, night after night from one year's end to the other. Thus he had been led one step on the right road, and a second was now added to the first by a Father's grace.

From thinking of a fairer life here he had begun to think of that fairest life to be given hereafter to those who long for it. And in with the still dim doubts, and desires and fears, he mingled thoughts of those closest to him, wife and child. The parson was going to have a try to see what he could do with the boy, to bring him up to lead a decenter sort of a life than his father had done; and his wife he'd just tackle himself. And if he got her down into that neighbourhood there was no saying whether the parson might not be able and willing to lend a hand here too, in trying to make her into some sort of a patch upon Mary Yates.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JIM'S HOPES.

LITTLE did Mary Yates dream in the midst of her sore trouble and trial that a Father's loving mercy was even now giving her jewels for her everlasting crown, that even now her light so shone as to give glory to God. Yet so it certainly was.

"Sarah should have a chance to grow like Mary Yates," that was the navvy's thought. She should be torn away from evil surroundings, and all too well-known evil haunts, and have a fresh start.

"She won't know none here, at first go off, at any rate, to persuade her to wrong; and the rooms bein' clean and smart may make her wish to keep 'em so. She were smart enough when I married her."

Poor Jim! he had given her many a helping hand into the crooked path, but his craving was painfully intense now to pull her out of it.

And so he wrote, and received an answer that was not altogether unexpected. Drunkards love their sin too much to have love to spare for husbands, or wives, or children. Still, the navvy felt a pang. His doggedness entered into his affection as into everything else. His love for Sarah had been true and great when he married her, and although it had been smothered up for some time, it was there all the while like the embers of a peat fire, ready to glow forth brightly again at the first favourable opportunity.

His letter had been as kind and cordial as his limited powers of expression could make it, and the sharp, sneering reply, with its curt refusal to come, gave positive pain.

"But she mun come, all the same," was the concluding mutter, as he folded the unsatisfactory epistle, and then proceeded to the hard labour of penning another in return.

"Not one penny piece will ye get from me to pay lodging or bread and cheese, so long as ye stay away."

For one day still Sarah made up her mind to rebel. But there was not only herself, but a stolen child too to keep, and she hated work. With a plentiful accompaniment of curses and passionate epithets, Mrs. Stokes finally bundled together her scanty and unwholesome belongings, and with them in her arms, and the almost skeleton form of poor little Charlie, she set out for Merton.

On her way to the station in Peterson she almost ran against Sandy walking feebly home from the hospital, from which he had got his discharge that morning.

For one minute she trembled and grew pale, but neither father nor child were conscious of each other's close proximity.

Sandy was walking with bent head, thinking of the little

king Charlie whose lovely blue eyes had welcomed his last home-coming with such a brilliant smile of joy. And for the blue eyes themselves, they were closed now in the utter exhaustion of slow convalescence, and the morning's turmoil and harsh treatment. However, Sarah hurried on eagerly, got her ticket, took her place in a railway carriage, and felt herself and her charge being carried away from Peterson with a feeling of relief, and considerable satisfaction that she had, after all, yielded to her husband's will.

Hitherto she had run no possible risk of the meeting of parents and child, but to-day she had been so entirely absorbed in her preparations for the journey, and her rage against Jim, as utterly to forget all about the child except as an additional encumbrance, till she saw Sandy within two yards of her.

Jim met her at the station, and stared with considerable amaze at the dirty little living bundle of the two with which she was burdened.

She flung the child roughly into his arms. "There, take the brat for a bit, do. I'm sick of it enough, without bein' jawed wi' a lot o' questions."

"But I want to know," repeated Jim, still staring down at the pinched face and sticks of limbs—"I want to know where in the name o' goodness ye picked up the little scarecrow."

Sarah burst out laughing, brought to good humour by the gratification of her cruel spite. Fancy that Mary Yates's "beautiful boy," the pride of his parents, being called a scarecrow! She laughed again with malicious joy at the reflection.

"Ah! ha-ha! scarecrow, indeed: ye may well call him that. Just wait till ye've seen his bald head, and if ye think him a sight now ye'll think him a old Hottentot then for ugliness, I'll dare swear. And his mother thought her brat the pink o' pinks for prettiness."

"But who was his mother?" demanded Jim, impatiently.

"Bah! Who should she be but that idiot o' a sister o' mine," said Sarah, glibly repeating the falsehood told before. "When that good-for-nought o' a husband of hern went and left her for Australy she took and died for him, like a poor, mean-spirited bit of goods, as Nell always were. And she went and left me this scarecrow brat o' hern for a legacy. And I'm sure I don't want it; ye can turn it out if ye please. I ain't a-goin' on my knees to ask yer to find it in food."

"Ye ain't spared it too much a'ready by the looks on't," remarked Jim, shortly, as he clasped the poor little light weight more warmly in his great arms, and led the way to the decent lodgings he had taken for their new home.

For once, at any rate, he could sit with his wife at the pleasant evening meal.

Even Sarah softened unconsciously in the genial, unaccustomed atmosphere of bright fire, clean hearth, cheerful, tidy rooms, and neatly-spread table.

"Well, you ain't so bad at arranging, really, I will say that for you," she ejaculated, as she followed her husband into the sitting-room. "If there's one thing as makes a body dead beat, and ready for a cup o' tea, it be travellin'."

"Aye, aye," assented Jim, in a tone of satisfaction, and with as genial a smile as his rough features could manage, at this first gleam of success for his efforts.

"Kettle's boilin', and I'll make tea while ye put off yer bonnet, and wash yer hands, and the little 'un's face. Maybe he'll look somethin' better t' look at then."

"Maybe he won't holler fit to wake the dead," retorted Sarah with a sneer. "Wash the bawling brat yerself, if ye're so anxious to make him beautiful. I've had enough o' fash to last me one while."

And so saying, the lazy woman pulled off her bonnet where she stood, flung it on to the top of the corner cupboard, tossed her dirty shawl in a dingy muddle on to a chair, dropped her muddled-up bundle on to the floor, dropped herself sideways on to another chair at the end of the table, put up her slipshod feet on to a third, and remarked crossly—

"Now, put the child down, can't ye, yer big lout, and let's have a cup o' tea, sharp. Dragging folks about half over the world this fashion, and then talking o' washin' faces, with never bit or drop to pass their lips, as if they wasn't flesh and blood to want nothing."

The speech was as untidy as the appearance so quickly given to the room. The strange new feelings which were gaining possession of Jim's heart made him far more sensitive to these facts than he had been in the past summer, but he did not break out into fury now. His great brows lowered over his eyes, then he suddenly stooped with a heavy breath, and kissed the little child lying trembling in his arms.

"Don't 'ee be frightened, little 'un," he whispered, with a quiver in his voice. "I'll see to ye now a bit; don't ye cry."

Had he known how, he would have cried himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

"UNCLE" AND "NEVVY."

But for the respite from misery and neglect which fell to the lot of little Charlie Yates when Jim Stokes took upon himself to have part in his care, it was impossible that the feeble life should have stood the strain upon it much longer.

Even as it was, both Jim and his friend the clergyman believed for some months that the sweet-natured, gentle child was a semi-idiot. The half-year of constant terror, and almost constant pain, which the child had had to live through, might have tried a maturer brain than one of three years old.

Charlie scarcely spoke at all during those early days of his sojourn in the country village, and when he did, speech was preceded by a wailing cry, as the prelude to a meaningless string of oaths and curses, which had been literally beaten into him by Mrs. Stokes, as a terrible amusement for herself while she drank.

"Oh, how orful!" ejaculated Jim, the first time this occurred.

Even in his worst days there had been a sentiment of grim, gruff, indignant horror, a sort of idea that it was presumption and impertinence on their part, when he heard children using bad language. Now that he was beginning to be shy of using it himself, it naturally sounded doubly terrible to his ears.

"In perticlar from a white-faced, blue-eyed babby like that!" he added, with a gaze of horror at the exquisitely curved lips from which the stream of blasphemy was pouring with such shivering rapidity.

Sarah Stokes broke into a hoarse laugh. "Eh? He's a babby for a mother to be proud on, he is; ain't he?"

The navvy laid his big hand lightly over the tender mouth. "Hush ye," he said, hastily. "Hush ye, little 'un. If ye can't speak no prettier nor that I'd liefer ye'd keep to bein' mum."

His wife laughed again.

"Bah! ye big oaf, you! Let the brat be, can't ye. When it's dummy ye go on no end, and when it whines ye fuss

enough to drive a body silly, wi' your idjet nonsense over the muling ninny. When it's got sommat to say, can't ye let it say it? Them's lessons as might do its mother's heart good to hear."

She finished her words with a third loud, coarse laugh, and both her hearers shuddered, the younger with fear, the elder with fresh horror.

The Romans used to exhibit their slaves in a state of drunkenness to their children, that they might thus see clearly all the degradation, and ugliness, and contemptibleness of the vice. Nothing could have been better calculated to confirm Jim in his new longings after a more decent life than this renewed companionship with his wretched wife. Almost her every act, and her every sentence, helped his slowly-opening eyes to see more clearly the repulsiveness of the low ebb of thought and feeling to which she had brought herself.

In the present instance his anger against her was the hotter from the supposition that she was thus referring in cold blood to a mother who was dead. Little enough he dreamt that the Yateses lost darling was the boy who was passed off upon him as the child of his wife's broken-hearted sister.

"Ye're a downright brute," he exclaimed, with a burst of his old fierce rage. "Ye're a downright brute, and that's what ye are, to dare to speak o' these devil's lessons doin' a dead mother's heart good to listen to. Don't ye shake in them slut's shoes o' yourn when ye think o' what ye'll feel like when ye come to be lying dyin' yerself?"

"Oh, there! hold jawin'; I ain't in a mood for preachin' to. *I* ain't turnin' saint, and don't want neither," was the retort, but with a manner considerably more sober in tone, as she recognised how closely she had let her incautious tongue tread upon the edge of her secret.

Besides, she did not want to die, and she hated to be made to think of the possibility.

There was another thing that Sarah learnt to hate, and that was the affection and tenderness which day by day increased on the part of her husband for the little inmate she had brought to the home.

During the first few days she tried to counteract the gleam of happiness thus shed upon her hapless captive's life by venting her spite upon him in double measure. But Jim was not slow to mark the extra signs of misery and fear in the dimmed eyes, and he drew his purse-strings in accordingly.

"When I see the little chap kept clean and decent, and not shrinkin' away from the touch o' your fingers, same's if they was tiger's claws, I'll give ye the double o' what I give ye now a week for housekeepin'," he said, shortly.

He evidently meant what he said, and as Sarah delighted in having money to squander, although she had the very poorest possible notion of how to use it to advantage, she condescended to turn over a new leaf. That is to say, she refrained from the perpetual shaking and beating which had been Charlie's lot of late; and as for the clean and decent part of the business, she let Jim see to that himself, and "fash over the brat" as much as he chose, with only a shower of unheeded sneers as to pains bestowed upon other folks' children which had been begrudged to his own.

Stokes had no need to heed them; that is to say, so far as to let them cause him pain, for it was in part remorse for the wrong-doing towards one child that led to his attention towards this other.

Charlie, at any rate, was the gainer, and Sandy and Mary Yates would have received the greatest earthly consolation for his loss that was possible, could they have seen him, evening after evening, gathered tenderly into the big navvy's arms, the tiny hands folded together in one of the broad palms, and the evening prayer taught over again to the soft red lips that used to lisp it at Mary's knee.

It was within less than two months of two years since that memorable November afternoon on which Sandy Yates received the testimonials for his efforts in rescuing the trains from being wrecked—within less than two months of two years since the Yateses lost their beloved little king Charlie out of their home.

The rose-embowered home, of which he had been so bright an ornament, had been given up by his parents about four months since, for the shop and house in a populous town, strangely enough scarcely ten miles distant from their child's present abode.

Charlie was not forgotten—far from it—but all efforts to trace him had proved so utterly vain that they had long since been given up as fruitless, and Mary's hands and heart were full to overflowing with the cares of a new and very sickly infant, and incessantly varying hopes and fears for her husband's health and life. Since giving up the exposure and heavy lifting work of a platform porter's daily life for the more sheltered and quiet attendance upon shop duties, Sandy had grown so much better, to all appearance, so much stronger looking, with improved sleep and appetite, that not only Mary, but he himself, and the doctor attending him, began to think that his cousin was indeed a true prophet, and that he had really needed nothing more than change of place and occupation to set him up again.

But, alas for hopes! *(To be continued.)*

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE SEASIDE.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

(Continued from page 104.)

THE question of bathing naturally brings us to swimming, an accomplishment which is shamefully neglected amongst us islanders. It is never too late to learn enough of the art to enable us to keep afloat, at any rate for a few minutes, which may make all the difference between life and death; but of course the earlier a child begins to learn the better she will swim. Every mother should make a point of having her girls taught; it is again merely a question of a little trouble, for at seaside places there is always some one who can teach swimming, if inquiries be only made. How much greater would be our pleasure in boating excursions if we only felt that, in case of accident, we and they could at least make an effort for our lives instead of sinking to the bottom like stones, probably dragging somebody else down at the same time. Not a week passes during the summer without some boating fatality being recorded in the daily papers, the remark "the deceased could not swim" being generally appended. And yet so many of us go on year after year

neglecting our opportunities, just because we will not take a little trouble, and hoping with a fatuous hopefulness that we shall never be upset in deep water. And it is not only the extra safety we shall enjoy when on the water, but also the great enjoyment it procures which should lead us all to learn swiming. There are, I believe, few sensations tom equal that experienced by the bold and skilful swimmer when "breasting the curling wave" with ease, feeling as secure as though on *terra firma*. Why should we deprive ourselves of any pleasant, healthy, and innocent enjoyment when by practice we can all of us acquire sufficient dexterity to ensure a fair portion of it? Pleasant sensations and enjoyments are not so rife in this world that we should neglect any attainable source from which they flow. Then

CLOVELLY FROM THE HOBBY WALK.

there is the health to be derived from a good swim in the open sea; every muscle of the body being brought into requisition, the rapidity of the circulation is increased, and the blood throughout the whole body is consequently purified; the lungs being forced to take long, deep inspiration, thus expel what is called the residual air, *i.e.*, the air contained in the deeper portions of the lungs, and which with ordinary breathing remains stagnant for a considerable period; further, we have the bracing of the nervous system caused by the shock, the excitement, and the sense of power as we cleave through the water. Certainly, swimming is a means to health which should not be neglected.

Another form of watery amusement is, however, strongly to be deprecated; I mean the constant paddling which some mothers, under the idea that it will tend to "harden" the children, allow them to practise hour after hour. Bare feet on the warm sands, with an occasional wild rush into the rippling waves, as much as you like; but do not allow the poor little feet and legs to be chilled for hours paddling in rock pools or at the edge of the water. Few even of the most robust children can bear this with impunity, as it so frequently causes diarrhœa and congestion of the lungs; and to weakly children, more especially those with consumptive tendencies, either of these two diseases may prove fatal.

As regards exercise, there are two errors I constantly see committed; one is, taking too much, the other too little exercise.

The first mistake is generally committed by brain-workers, who think that because for many months they have been living a sedentary life, exercising only the brain, therefore they must during the holidays exert themselves physically as much as possible. Away, then, they go over hill and dale for miles and miles on foot, or rowing vigorously on the sea in a boat for hours after hours, coming back very frequently too exhausted to eat, and wishing for nothing save to go to bed. Every day they renew their wild career after health, and at the end of the holidays find themselves little if at all nearer to their goal.

I certainly cannot be accused of undervaluing exercise: but, like other good things, it must not be overdone, and for brain-workers, whose nervous system is already exhausted, to imagine that over-tiring the body, which really means exhausting still further the nervous system, will tend to recruit the brain, the centre of all nervous energy, is a profound mistake, leading to disastrous results. A tired brain-worker should take at least a week's entire rest, both mental and physical—eating, drinking, and sleeping, and nothing more; at the end of that time exercise may be commenced,

and gradually increased in amount, but never be so prolonged or violent as to cause exhaustion.

The second mistake, that of taking too little exercise, is committed by most girls and women. They seem to think that if they have a bathe in the morning, lie on the sands till dinner-time, and take a stroll on the esplanade or pier in the evening they have sufficiently sacrificed to the goddess Hygeia. Such holidays are almost useless so far as health or even enjoyment is concerned; the ozone from the sea will have purified the blood a little, and increased the appetite a good deal, the consequences of which will be a clearer complexion and an increase of fatty tissue. But feel the muscles of these girls at the end of their holidays, they are just as flabby as before. Set them to do any work, they are just as quickly tired, and a month after their return home are pretty much in the same condition as they were when they left it. All this lying about on the sands, generally accompanied by the reading of trashy novels, is a waste of life and opportunities, which our true mother will try by every means in her power to avoid for her girls. There are so many ways of providing wholesome amusement at the seaside; for example, excursions into the country or amongst the rocks, with lunch in their pockets, and no necessity to get home till the evening. Most girls will thoroughly enjoy as well as respect the freedom thus granted them, and will return from such excursions, not only strengthened in body but also in mind, for the self-reliance they have learnt.

Some girls may require more than an aimless jollification under the sun, and to these the opportune gift of some simple works on zoology, or geology, or botany, such as "Common Objects of the Sea-shore," or Kingsley's "Glaucus," or Miss Pratt's "Wild Flowers," will prove the stimulus they require, rendering the country and shore more attractive, and adding a new pleasure to their life.

Then there is sailing and rowing, which every girl ought to be taught. Why should the boys monopolize the delight of holding the helm, and watching the swelling sail in a spanking breeze? The strength of a healthy girl is sufficient for steering under ordinary circumstances, and her nerve, by practice, will soon be equal to any emergency, especially if placed under the tuition of some steady old tar. And when once she has felt the delight of controlling the bounding boat whilst the waves crash over the bow, she will be no true British girl if she does not acknowledge that there are few such pleasures in life.

Rowing, also, though less exciting, is very pleasurable, and invaluable for health, more especially when the girls have learnt to manage their little boat themselves, and can, on calm days, make excursions in it along the shore, visiting bays and creeks, which otherwise would remain unknown.

The physical good of holidays thus managed will not pass away for many a long month; the moral good—the courage, endurance, self-reliance, will never completely pass away. Moreover, as our girls in future years look back upon the time of their girlhood, they will not only rejoice at the bright pictures which the remembrance of the summer by the sea will conjure up, but they will think with tenderness of the mother who spared herself no thought or trouble to make their holidays bright and healthful.

And to such mothers I wish all success, and to all my readers a very happy summer holiday.

HOW TO FEED A FAMILY.—VII.

DINNER.—Kidney soup. Poached eggs. Savoury potatoes. Lemon pudding.

Kidney Soup.

Materials.—1 veal or beef kidney; 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 2 onions; flour, 2 tablespoonfuls; Yorkshire relish, 1 tablespoonful; pepper and salt to taste.

How to make it.—Wash the kidney and cut it in slices. Slice the carrot and turnip, and cut them in small pieces. Put them into three pints of boiling water, with a little salt, and stew them for an hour (or more, if the carrot is old). Slice the onions, and fry them with the slices of kidney a nice brown, add them to the vegetables and water; put the pan at the side of the fire, and let it simmer for another hour. Mix the flour evenly in a pint of cold water, add the Yorkshire relish, pepper and salt, and bring soup to the boil. Serve when it has boiled ten minutes. (It should be stirred occasionally after the flour is added.) Time, two hours.

Poached Eggs.

Materials.—6 fresh eggs, 3 slices of bread, 2 oz. of butter, little salt.

How to prepare them.—Put a stew-pan or large frying-pan, about half full of hot water, on the fire. Grease slightly (with clarified fat) six small jam-jars or tea-cups, and break an egg into each of them. Stand them in the hot water in the stew-pan, taking care that the water is not too high, as it should not boil over into the jars. Boil till the white of the egg is quite set, and while the eggs are cooking toast three good slices of bread, each half an inch thick. Cut the crusts off each slice, divide it into two squares, and spread on them a little clarified fat. Place these in a warm dish, take the jars out of the water separately, with a cloth, wipe them (that no water may run down on to the toast), and turn an egg out into the middle of each piece of toast, sprinkle them with a little salt, and serve hot. Time, half an hour. (N.B.—Butter may be substituted for fat, but it is more expensive.)

Savoury Potatoes.

Materials.—1 doz. good-sized potatoes; flour, 1 tablespoonful; 1 shalot, or onion; powdered sage, 1 tablespoonful; dripping, 4 ozs.; water, 1 teacupful; a little salt and pepper.

How to prepare them.—Peel the potatoes thinly, lay them in a tin dish, cover them with flour from a dredger, and put on each a lump of dripping, using about 2 ozs. Pour the water into the tin, and bake them for half an hour quickly; take the tin out, sprinkle them with the shalot (chopped fine) and the powdered sage; pepper and salt; flour them again, and put the dripping over them. Bake again for from half an hour to an hour, according to the size and kind of the potato. Serve hot. Time, an hour and a half. (N.B.—To powder sage, it is best to put a sprig of sage into the oven for five minutes, when it will be crisp, and can be rubbed in the hands.)

Lemon Pudding.

Materials.—Flour, 1 lb.; clarified fat, or dripping, 6 ozs.; sugar, 4 ozs.; 1 lemon.

How to make it.—Shred the fat; mix it with the flour and sugar. Grate the rind of the lemon, and add it to the other ingredients. Squeeze the juice from the lemon, and mix half a teacupful of water with it. Stir it into the pudding, adding more water if necessary, to make it into a stiff paste. Grease a pudding-basin, fill it with the pudding, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for two hours and a half. Turn it out and serve hot. Time, two hours and a half.

Cost of Materials.

Kidney soup.—Kidney, 4d.; vegetables, 1d.; flour and seasoning, ½d. Total, 5½d.

Poached eggs.—Eggs, 6d.; clarified fat, 1d.; bread, ½d. Total, 7½d.

Savoury potatoes.—Potatoes, 2d.; fat, 1d.; sage and onion, etc., 1d. Total, 4d.

Lemon pudding.—Lemon, 1d.; sugar, ½d.; flour, 2d.; fat, 1d. Total, 4½d.

Total Cost.

Soup, 5½d; poached eggs, 7½d.; savoury potatoes, 4d.; pudding, 4½d.; bread, 2½d. Total, 2s., to dine six persons. Average, 4d. per head.

I. L. Richmond.

GIRLS.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

VIII.—Play and Holiday-time.

Work without play is bad for the old, and it is far worse for the young, whose bodies and minds are alike tender and in the process of growth, who need the change and exhilaration of recreation still more than it is needed by those whose faculties are all developed and "set," to whom routine comes as a welcome support rather than an irksome fetter.

One great thing to be desired in play is that it should be hearty. A child or young person playing languidly is a melancholy spectacle, almost more melancholy than a listless worker in early life, for the former is more unnatural in youth, and a greater offence against what ought to be its joyousness. Languor, or the air of being bored, and finding nothing much worth the trouble of doing or caring for, is an affectation of our time, tolerably prevalent among young people, and extending occasionally to their quick little imitators, children. It is the attitude of the mind, the most opposed to romantic or sentimental "gush," which has drawn forth a large amount of ridicule in the present day, while to be "chaffed" and laughed at is the bugbear of all bugbears to the juvenile world. Still, the attitude is an affectation, let us be thankful, and every few minutes the real boy or girl, the real child, will break forth into eager enthusiasm and wild glee.

Very often the hearty player is the same individual as the hearty worker. The player puts her whole heart and soul into her play just as she puts it into her work, and excels in both. It is a well-known statistic of our great universities that some of the best reading men are also the most noted athletes.

For flagging zeal at play or at work I cannot suggest any other remedy than the well-worn one of a persevering effort to learn the distinctive bent of the worker or player, and a constant aim to excite and encourage her interest, whether in study or diversion.

Play for girls should be, and happily now is, to a far greater extent than it was wont to be, like play for boys, with the necessary modifications of kind and degree. It ought not by any means to be confined to sedentary amusements, or the most quiet walks. Dressing dolls, "keeping house," or "keeping shop," with light reading when the children are older, are all very well in their way, occupy the little folks, remove them from harm, relieve their mother's or nurses. But that is not enough, that will not take the place of the vigorous romp, the active exercise, which refreshes and braces the body as well as the mind.

Even in the worst days of female physical education—I mean when girls were, with the idea of subduing and refining them to a proper condition of decorous stillness, denied the free use of their limbs and voices, and hardly less of their independent wills and tastes—there was a healthy instinct in the woman-child drawing her to the delights of a skipping-rope, a game at ball, running with a hoop, that probably saved her from lower depths of weak health and nervous ailment which she would otherwise have attained to. The old games of battle-door and shuttle-cock, *les graces*, archery, are well-nigh exploded, but lawn-tennis is looked upon as still better for expanding the chest and giving every muscle something to do; and in the charming articles on gardening which have appeared from a woman's pen, with the additional weight of medical authority, in recent numbers of the Mothers' Companion, another old-fashioned, yet ever new, inexhaustible source of healthful, delightful recreation is recommended to girls.

If girls are by any chance largely confined to walking for exercise, they should, supposing they are in the country, or in the outskirts of a town, be allowed great license in prolonged rambles and scrambles—if possible with an object, were it only in cowslip or blackberry gathering, searching for birds'-nests, nutting, etc.

The possession of pets is nearly always a great gratification to children. It is also a means of moral training and discipline. The affections are cultivated, and the child is accustomed from her infancy to have some one dependent on her, some one for whom she is bound to think and care, and, if necessary, to deny herself, some one to whom her nursing is not all make-believe, who will suffer by her neglect.

Out-of-door pets, such as ponies, calves, dogs, lambs, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, even a pair of jackdaws, will furnish many a child with wholesome entertainment.

There are cases sad enough, where from limited means or other impediments, a child is largely shut out from active play, and from the society of her fellows. Then the next best thing is to give her as much variety as can be procured

for her in her sedentary, solitary occupations. Change of surroundings may be had for the mind, if not for the body. Fresh faculties of the one, as well as of the other, may be called forth and put in force so as to rest those which are already over-worked and jaded.

The word "variety" recalls a not uncommon peculiarity of youth which, though it may haunt and torment some of us all our days, is certainly more rampant in early years—I mean a tendency to tire soon of everything, and to flit from one engagement or amusement to another—a certain fickleness of the mind which renders all avocations in turn distasteful, and prompts us to leave off what we have not well begun, in order to try something else, so that neither we nor our neighbours have time to be profited by our pursuit of an object.

This symptom, like that of languor in play, is much more marked in spoilt children than in those who have known childish deprivations. It is the disease of the little people whose every fancy has been indulged, who are, in fact, the victims of satiety. Still, as they are the victims, and not the authors of the evil, and as that may sometimes be constitutional, in which case it is generally disastrous to excellence in any field, the defect had better be gently and carefully dealt with. There is no cure for it that I know, except gradual abstinence from over stimulating the child by an incessant round of new toys, new games and pleasures, new books, etc., together with a patient endeavour to instil earnestness even into play, to deepen the child's or girl's interest in it by all lawful means, so that it may hold and engross her, to the expulsion of paralysing inconstancy.

A GAME AT LAWN-TENNIS.

A holiday, like play, is good for all, and has a positive charm for the young, often acting upon them like magic, stirring their sensibilities, awakening their powers, opening the eyes of their understanding, causing them to make more progress in a month than in a year. A holiday to be most effectual ought to be as complete as possible, not only entire relaxation from ordinary tasks, but, if it can be given, a thorough change of scene, which acts like a tonic on the whole system. I disapprove altogether of half-holidays, unless, indeed, the half merely refers to an inevitable division of time into half a day or half a week. But during the holiday I should throw the work of lessons behind one's back, and forget it till it was the season for resuming it. I know there is a theory of never entirely suspending schooling and work; thus we hear of holiday governesses and holiday tasks. But, except in the case of university men's reading parties during the long vacation, when, as everybody knows, it is a great part of the work of the year which is done under the most favourable circumstances, I would have none of such half measures.

I suspect, where children are concerned, the idea of holiday teaching owes its origin not entirely to an excess of anxiety for their progress in knowledge. There is also a selfish desire on the part of the elders to be free from the burden and strain of the perpetual companionship of their children to which the parents may have grown unaccustomed. We read of a woman of rank receiving her sons from a great public school, that for the first day she was enchanted with them, for the remaining days of the first week she tolerated them, and for the rest of their holidays she made every effort to be rid of them. The two necessities of such a nature (with a conscience in the background) is to be sure that the children are safe and well looked after, and for the mother or the father to be left at liberty to follow his or her own devices.

This explanation was not true of the elaborate preparations of a friend whom I once heard arranging her daughter's holiday lessons, and remarking by way of commentary that if she did not do so, the child would become quite "unhinged" by the unwonted idleness and opportunity of doing what she liked. The mother was perfectly sincere, only she was not aware that the "unhinging" which she dreaded—the being let loose from ordinary obligations, and left for a time to luxuriate in the withdrawal of the yoke which youth must bear, with the permission to put her dreams in practice, is the very result to be coveted in the circumstances. All knowledge is not confined to book knowledge, far less to the stereotyped round of a young lady's accomplishments. The girl may be gaining stores of thought and feeling which will never fail her, when she is farthest away from her schoolroom maps, piano, and drawing-board, when she is doing no more than watching the waves and the sea-birds, or listening to the "*sermons in stones and tongues in the trees.*"

But I must guard against a mistake. I do not think

that sheer idleness is a holiday, any more than I believe heaven is passive rest, however full of adoration. On the contrary, I am certain that idleness is the parent of mischief, and is decidedly fertile in vexation of spirit. The child or girl who yields to it for any protracted space will soon, according to her best or her worst instincts, either long for school and work again, or become more and more childish and degraded, ready to fall a prey to her lowest propensities. Utter idleness is only excusable, beneficial, and enjoyable after a long strain of work, or after some illness when body and mind sometimes crave to be let alone, and left to recover their spirit, strength, and elasticity, unconsciously, as in sleep.

Even a considerable course of childish play, in which all is make-believe, from which restraint and guidance have been alike removed, palls and falls flat on all save unusually gifted and imaginative children, who will create each her own kingdom, and be endlessly happy in a vague, unsubstantial way, more intoxicating, perhaps, than strictly improving. But there are occupations which are not unmixed idleness or sport, which may be instructive and even useful, while they are yet out of the track of lessons and every-day work. I do not speak here of helping those older than themselves, in grown up people's avocations, especially of aiding them in aiding others, though that is often a great pleasure to right-minded children and young people. I shall instance just three or four holiday occupations. Those which belong to the country or the seaside are best, for, if it can be done, children who are not country bred, should be taken for their holiday, were it but for a week or a day at a time, to the green fields or the sandy beach.

Most children have genuine satisfaction in getting up an old-fashioned herbal or herbarium, with specimens of the leaves and blossoms of every tree and plant in the neighbourhood. An acquaintance with botany, though it may be an advantage, is not at all an absolute necessity for this pursuit; just to know the English names and common attributes of every weed is something, though it may not be a great thing, and the occupation divides itself into two separate departments—the one that of scouring the lanes, meadows, woods, and foot-paths for the specimens, and the other that of drying and arranging them when gathered, between sheets of paper, under weights, or according to the newest and most approved plan of preservation. The final classification according to natural principles, and the writing down of the names and any fragmentary knowledge acquired of the plants, are excellent resources for a rainy day. Of course the employment is not without its drawbacks to the seniors of the household. The constant tramping over the country of their boys and girls may be slightly inconvenient, and country quarters are apt to smell permanently like a hay-loft during the operation of drying the leafy spoil. But what would you have? There is no rose without a thorn; the exceptions only prove the rule.

In town, the formation of a scrap-book—which, if not kept as a trophy, may be handed over with benefit to all concerned to the nearest sick children's hospital—is a lively amusement; an old-fashioned album is not to be altogether despised. But the construction of toys for children, by children, is a positively splendid suggestion, which has already been carried into effect with marked success, but it requires some skill and more practice.

LEA HURST, MISS NIGHTINGALE'S DERBYSHIRE HOME.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

Among the personal influences that have altered the every-day life of the present century, the future historian will probably allot a prominent place to that of Florence Nightingale. Before she took up the work of her life, the art of sick nursing in England can hardly have been said to exist. Almost every one had a well-founded horror of the hired nurse; she was often ignorant, cruel, rapacious and drunken; and when she was not quite as bad as that, she was prejudiced, superstitious and impervious to new ideas or knowledge. The worst type of the nurse, of the pre-Nightingale era, has been pourtrayed by Dickens in his "Sairey Gamp" with her bottle of gin or rum upon the "chimbley piece," handy for her to put it to her lips when she was "so dispoged." "Sairey Gamp" is one of the blessings of the good old days which have now vanished for ever; with her disappearance has also gradually disappeared the repugnance with which the professional nurse was at one time almost universally regarded; and there is now hardly any one who has not had cause to be thankful for the quick, gentle and skilful assistance of the trained nurse whose existence we owe to the example and precepts of Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale has never favoured the curiosity of those who would wish to pry into the details of her private history. She has indeed been so retiring that there is some difficulty in getting accurate information about anything concerning her, with the exception of her public work In a letter she has allowed to be published, she says, "being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me." It would be very ungrateful and unbecoming in those who have benefited by her self-forgetful labours to attempt in any way to thwart her desire for privacy as to her personal affairs. The attention of the readers of this paper will therefore be directed to Miss Nightingale's public work, and what the world, and women in particular, have gained by the noble example she has set of how women's work should be done.

From time immemorial it has been universally recognised that the care of the sick is women's work; but somehow, partly from the low standard of women's education, partly from the false notion that all paid work was in a way degrading to a woman's gentility, it seemed to be imagined that women could do this work of caring for the sick without any special teaching or preparation for it; and as all paid work was supposed to be unladylike, no woman undertook it unless she was driven to it by the dire stress of poverty, and had therefore neither the time nor means to acquire the training necessary to do it well. The lesson of Florence Nightingale's life is that painstaking study and preparation are just as necessary for women's work as they are for men's work. No young man attempts responsible work as a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, or even a gardener or mechanic, without spending long years in fitting himself for his work; but in old times women seemed to think they could do all their work, in governessing, nursing, or what not, by the light of nature, and without any special teaching and preparation whatever. There is still some temptation on the part of women to fall into this fatal error. A young woman, not long ago, who had studied medicine in India only two years, was placed at the head of a dispensary and hospital for native women. Who would have dreamt of taking a boy, after only two years' study, for a post of similar responsibility and difficulty? Of course failure and disappointment resulted, and it will probably be a long time before the native community in that part of India recover their confidence in lady doctors.

Miss Nightingale spent nearly ten years in studying nursing, before she considered herself qualified to undertake the sanitary direction of even a small hospital. She went from place to place, not confining her studies to her own country. She spent about a year at the hospital and nursing institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine in 1849. This had been founded by Pastor Fliedner, and was under the care of a Protestant Sisterhood who had perfected the art of sick nursing to a degree unknown at that time in any other part of Europe. From Kaiserswerth she visited institutions for similar purposes, in other parts of Germany, and in France and Italy. It is obvious she could not have devoted the time and money which all this preparation must have cost if she had not been a member of a wealthy family. The fact that she was so makes her example all the more valuable. She was the daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy country gentleman of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embly Park in Hampshire. As a young girl she had the choice of all that wealth, luxury and fashion could offer in the way of self-indulgence and ease, and she set them all on one side for the sake of learning how to benefit suffering humanity by making sick nursing an art in England. In the letter already quoted, Miss Nightingale gives, in reply to a special appeal, advice to young women about their work:—"1. I would say also to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can only become by hard study. 2. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work."

Here, without intending it, Miss Nightingale drew a picture of her own character and methods. Years of hard study prepared her for her work; no inaccuracy, no weakness, no muddleheadedness was to be found in what she undertook; everything was business-like, orderly and thorough. Those who knew her in the hospital spoke of her as combining "the voice of velvet and the will of steel." She was not content with having a natural vocation for her work. It is said that when she was a young girl she was accustomed to dress the wounds of those who were hurt in the lead mines and quarries of her Derbyshire home, and that the saying was, "Our good young miss is better than nurse or doctor." If this is accurate she did not err by burying her talent in the earth, and thinking that because she had a natural gift there was no need to cultivate it. She saw rather that *because* she had a natural gift it was her duty to increase it and make it of the utmost benefit to mankind. At the end of her ten years' training, she came to the nursing home and hospital for governesses in Harley Street, an excellent institution which at that time had fallen into some disorder through mismanagement. She stayed here from August, 1853, till October, 1854, and in those fourteen months placed the domestic, financial and sanitary affairs of the little hospital on a sound footing.

Now, however, the work with which her name will always be associated, and for which she will always be loved and honoured, was about to commence. The Crimean war broke out early in 1854, and within a very few weeks of the commencement of actual fighting, every one at home was horrified and ashamed to hear of the frightful disorganisation of the supplies, and of the utter breakdown of the commissariat and medical arrangements. The most hopeless hugger-mugger reigned triumphant. The tinned meats sent out from England were little better than poison; ships arrived with stores of boots which proved all to be for the left foot. (Muddleheads do not all belong to one sex.) The medical arrangements for the sick and wounded were on a par with the rest. Mr. Justin MacCarthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, speaks of the hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari as being in an absolutely chaotic condition. "In some instances," he writes, "medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. The medical officers were able and zealous men; the stores were provided and paid for so far as our Government was concerned; but the stores were not brought to the medical men. These had their hands all but idle, their eyes and souls tortured by the sight of sufferings which they were unable to relieve for want of the commonest appliances of the hospital" (Vol. II., p. 316). The result was that the most frightful mortality prevailed, not so much from the inevitable risks of battle, but from the insanitary conditions of the camp, the want of proper food, clothing and fuel, and the wretched hospital arrangements. Mr. Mackenzie, author of a "History of the Nineteenth Century," gives the following facts and figures with regard to our total losses in the Crimea: "Out of a total loss of 20,656, only 2,598 were slain in battle; 18,058 died in hospital." "Several regiments became literally extinct. One had but seven men left fit for duty; another had thirty. When the sick were put on board transports, to be conveyed to hospital, the mortality was shocking. In some ships one man in every four died in a voyage of seven days. In some of the hospitals recovery was the rare exception. At one time four-fifths of the poor fellows who underwent amputation died of hospital gangrene. During the first seven months of the siege the men perished by disease at a rate which would have extinguished the entire force in little more than a year and a half" (p. 171). When these facts became known in England, the mingled grief, shame, and anger of the whole nation were unbounded. It was then that Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was Minister of War, appealed to Miss Nightingale to organise and take out with her a band of trained nurses. It is needless to say that she consented. She was armed with full authority to cut the swathes of red tape that had proved shrouds to so many of our soldiers. On the 21st of October, 1854, Miss Nightingale, accompanied by forty-two other ladies, all trained nurses, set sail for the Crimea. They arrived at Constantinople on November 4th, the eve of Inkerman, which was fought on November 5th. Their first work, therefore, was to receive into the wards, which were already filled by 2,300 men, the wounded from what proved the severest and fiercest engagement of the campaign. Miss Nightingale and her band of nurses proved fully equal to the charge they had undertaken. She, by a combination of inexorable firmness with unvarying gentleness, evolved order out of chaos. After her arrival there were no more complaints of the inefficiency of the hospital arrangements for the army. The extraordinary way in which she spent herself and let herself be spent will never be forgotten. She has been known to stand for twenty hours at a stretch in order to see the wounded provided with every means of easing their condition. Her attention was directed not only to nursing the sick and wounded, but to removing the causes which had made the camp and the hospitals so deadly to their inmates. The extent of the work of mere nursing may be estimated by the fact that a few months after her arrival ten thousand sick men were under her care, and the rows of beds in one hospital alone, the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, measured two miles and one-third in length, with an average distance between each bed of two feet six inches. Miss Nightingale's personal influence and authority over the men were immensely and deservedly strong. They knew she had left the comforts and refinements of a wealthy home to be of service to them. Her slight delicate form, her steady nerve, her kindly conciliating manner, and her absolute self-devotion, awoke a passion of chivalrous devotion on the part of the men she tended. Sometimes a soldier would refuse to submit to a painful but necessary operation until a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm, and the man would submit willingly to the painful ordeal he had to undergo. One soldier said, "Before she came here there was such cursin' and swearing, and after that it was as holy as a church." Another said to Mr. Sidney Herbert, "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds—but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." This incident, of the wounded soldier turning to kiss her shadow as it passed, has been woven into a beautiful poem by the American poet, Longfellow. It is called "Santa Filomena," from an Italian word which means "Nightingale." The fact that she had been born in, and had been named after the Italian city of Florence, may have suggested to the poet to turn her name into the language of the city of her birth. The poem is appended at the end of this paper, in case any of our readers should be unacquainted with it.

Miss Nightingale suffered from an attack of hospital fever in the spring of 1855, but as soon as possible she returned to her laborious post, and never quitted it till the war was over and the last of our soldiers was on his way home. When she returned to England she received such a welcome as probably has fallen to no other woman; all distinctions of party and of rank were forgotten in the one wish to do her honour. She was presented by the Queen with a jewel in commemoration of her work in the Crimea, and a national testimonial was set on foot, to which a sum of £50,000 was subscribed. It is unnecessary to say that Miss Nightingale did not accept this testimonial for her own personal benefit. The sum was devoted to the permanent endowment of schools for the training of nurses in St. Thomas's and King's College Hospitals.

Since the Crimea no European war has taken place without calling forth the service of trained bands of skilled nurses. Within ten years of Florence Nightingale's labours in the East, the nations of Europe agreed at the Geneva Convention upon certain rules and regulations, with the object of ameliorating the condition of the sick and wounded in war. By this convention all ambulances and military hospitals were neutralised, and their inmates and staff were henceforth to be regarded as non-combatants. The distinguishing red cross of the Geneva Convention is now universally recognised as the one civilised element in the savagery of war.

During a great part of the thirty-one years that have passed since Miss Nightingale returned from the Crimea, she

has suffered from extremely bad health; but few people, even of the most robust frame, have done better and more invaluable work. She has been the adviser of successive Governments on the sanitary condition of the army in India; her experience in the Crimea convinced her that the death-rate in the army, even in time of peace, could be reduced by nearly one-half by proper sanitary arrangements. She contributed valuable state papers on the subject to the Government of the day, and her advice has had important effects, not only on the condition of the army, but also on the sanitary reform of many of the towns of India, and on the extension of irrigation in that country. Besides this department of useful public work she has written many books on the subjects she has made particularly her own; among them may be mentioned "Notes on Hospitals" and "Notes on Nursing"; the latter in particular is a book which no family ought to be without.

It will surprise no one to hear that she is very zealous for all that can lift up and improve the lives of women, and give them a higher conception of their duties and responsibilities. She supports the extension of parliamentary representation to women, generally, however, putting in a word in what she writes on the subject, to remind people that representatives will never be better than the people they represent. Therefore the most important thing for men, as well as for women, is to improve the education and morality of the elector, and then Parliament will improve itself. One of Miss Nightingale's latest public actions has been to support a movement set on foot to form a memorial to the late Mrs. Paterson, who was associated for so many years with the Women's Protective and Provident League. The object of the memorial is to have a central building which should combine a labour registry office, a woman's friendly society, a large room for meetings, and good cheap lodgings for single working women. "This is a brave work," writes Miss Nightingale, "in which all the women of England should unite." Every honest effort for the good of men or women has her sympathy, and a large number her generous support. May she long be spared to the country she has served so well, a living example of strength, courage, and self-forgetfulness:

"A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood."

IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

SANTA FILOMENA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THERE are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way.

YOU can learn to be patient and cheerful in spite of pain and no play.

THE three lessons that every one is better for knowing—that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely.

"WITH RIGOUR"; OR, MARJORIE'S MISTRESS.

BY LINA ORMAN COOPER,

Author of "We Wives," etc., etc.

"WELL, Marjorie! I engage you at £4 a year, and all found."

It was a very small sum, and so Mrs. Carroll felt it to be. Yet it was all she could honestly and really afford. A bank clerk's wife, with four little children to provide for and look after, with a delicate, overworked husband, and many expenses coming in the future, what more could she give?

Marjorie O'Neill looked at her future mistress gratefully. The sum was a magnificent one to the poor little farmhouse drudge, who had served for more "kicks than halfpence" ever since she was as high as the table. Four pounds meant to her unsophisticated mind, unknown possibilities of warm frocks and be-ribboned bonnets, good boots, woollen stockings and sometimes, perhaps, sticks of sweet toffy or other sweets.

As she left the room, Mrs. Carroll flung herself back wearily into a well-worn armchair. It was a relief, even to have the prospect of such help as Marjorie's promised to be. For, during the last month, the mother of the family had done all the housework, and was in a fair way of being completely worn out.

Marjorie's honest black eyes and round rosy face had attracted Mrs. Carroll from the first, and her loving look at Flossie, Will, and Paddy had not passed unnoticed by her mistress.

"For the last time," she said, as after a short rest she took up the heavy iron poker and attacked the kitchen fire. "Marjorie must do all the really hard work in future." Poor little Marjorie!

MARJORIE'S NEW HOME.

* * * * * * *

She was only fifteen years of age, and she looked even younger, as, the next day, she stood in the little, scantily furnished house, and gazed round at her new domain. Very valiant and strong had Marjorie felt as she knocked at the front door that morning, but her heart sank a little as she saw the work piled ready for her hand. The fireless grate, the plates from last night's supper, a heap of soiled clothes in the corner. Would she ever get things straight?

However, most thoughtfully, Mrs. Carroll had left kindling sticks, paper, and matches all ready on the table, and very soon Marjorie had a bright fire lit, and the kettle on the range. *Only* it was at the expense of more wood, more coal, and more matches, than her mistress would have used for half a dozen fires!

However, very wisely, Mrs. Carroll made no remark, but, when she came downstairs, contented herself with directing how the breakfast should be laid, and herself cutting thick slices of bread and butter. Presently in stumbled Flossie, holding little Paddy by the hand, and followed by Willie, minus collar or tie, and with unscrubbed hands.

A breakfast of stir-about and milk was followed by a general stampede to school, and then the real work of the day commenced.

Beds had to be made and shaken, floors to be swept, rooms to be dusted, dinner prepared. Marjorie's face was dusty and her hands black before this meal was ready to be put on the table, but only half her work was done yet.

Wee Paddy had to be wheeled out in his perambulator for an hour, and then the heap of tiny garments to be washed and hung up. True, Mrs. Carroll had put them to soak early in the morning, so that the labour was much lightened. Still, Marjorie's back was aching and her eyes very heavy when at last she wended her way upstairs. Early hours had been the rule at her farmhouse home, with plenty of bacon and cabbage and potatoes to eat. Here the food was scanty, and the working day a long one. Still, the hope of four golden guineas glorified the prospect, and Marjorie crept into bed quite contentedly.

* * * *

The weeks that followed were cut after much the same pattern as that first day. Marjorie's mistress was not an unkind one. Only, in return for very small wages, she seemed to expect finished and trained service. Poor Marjorie's fingers were very clumsy, and her ideas of cleanliness hazy. Still, she was willing and good-tempered, unselfish, and self-forgetful. Floods of tears followed each breakage, and very often the dimness of the black eyes alone prevented the thick dust from being noticed. Now Mrs. Carroll could not afford to buy glass and china over and over again, and many sharp reproaches followed each crash in pantry and kitchen.

So Marjorie's round face grew less round. Her eyes grew less bright, her step less active, her dress more untidy, until Mrs. Carroll began to be in despair.

What was wrong in her treatment of her little maid?

One day the young mistress put on her bonnet and cloak, and prepared to pay a visit to a dear old friend whose advice she always asked on every difficult point.

"Now, Marjorie! take care of baby, and don't let Master Patrick play with the tap in the kitchen; better keep him in the parlour. Mind and have the master's shirt ironed; and, oh! don't forget the cake in the oven; it will burn if left too long."

Mrs. Carroll did not think that her orders were almost impossible ones to be obeyed. The baby was asleep in one of the upper rooms, the bread baking in the kitchen, the shirt to be ironed there, and Paddy to be kept in the sitting-room.

No wonder Marjorie's face was very downcast as she was left alone to fulfil, or neglect, her multifarious duties.

It was not a long walk for Mrs. Carroll. The house she purposed visiting was just round the corner of the terrace. Very white, clean steps, bright brass bell-handle and knocker, shining black scraper—all spoke of the hearty service rendered by the servants in that house.

Mrs. Carroll's ring was answered by a young maid in spotless cap and apron, who *smiled* an answer in the affirmative to the question, "Is your mistress at home?" and then preceded the visitor into a cosy, comfortable sitting-room.

The one occupant of that parlour was a cheery-faced old lady in dove-coloured gown and big white cap, who greeted Mrs. Carroll affectionately.

"Now tell me all thy woes, friend Bertha;" so said Miss Benson after the usual salutations. "What aileth thee?"

"Oh, the old plague," answered Mrs. Carroll, shrugging her shoulders impatiently; "either I am a bad mistress or no good servants are to be had nowadays."

"Better condemn an individual than a class," replied the old lady; "so we will say the first clause may be the right one."

Her visitor flushed.

"I am sure I am not as hard on Marjorie as many mistresses would be"—her voice was hurt and peevish—"but she tries me in a thousand ways; she is so awkward and stupid and forgetful."

"That is bad indeed," commented her Quaker friend, gravely; "and how dost thou try to improve her, Bertha?"

For a moment Mrs. Carroll hesitated. *Her* way of helping Marjorie's memory was by adding fresh orders, and of curing her awkwardness was by finding fault. Miss Benson waited for her to speak, but was unprepared for the rush of words that followed.

"Indeed, servants are more hindrance than help. Marjorie has only to follow me round, and do as she is bid, yet she finds that too much! She looked quite woebegone because I left her alone to mind the children this afternoon. She could hardly expect me to take her out with me, I suppose."

Miss Benson looked a little keenly at the pretty face opposite.

"What didst thou leave thy little handmaiden to do, besides minding the children whilst thou wast away, friend Bertha?" she queried.

Once more there was a short silence. During it, for the first time, doubts as to the possibility of Marjorie's obeying her orders crossed Mrs. Carroll's mind.

"Perhaps I was wrong," she said, frankly, after recapitulating her last words to her servant; "I see now Margie could scarcely do all I left for her——"

"No wonder the maid's face grew long, then;" and Miss Benson smiled a little. "Are all thy orders as numerous and as thoughtless, Bertha Carroll?"

"I think not," answered her visitor, ponderingly; "but I fear they often are."

The gold-rimmed spectacles were rubbed, and put over the bright grey eyes opposite, while Mrs. Carroll made her confession half reluctantly.

"Then the little maid is not to blame so much," Miss Benson commented, reaching for a morocco-covered Book on the reading-stand near. "Listen to this, friend Bertha Carroll. Thus saith the Lord, 'Ye shall not rule one over another with rigour. . . . for they are *my* servants. . . . and thou shalt fear thy God" (Lev. xxv.)

"Is that in the Bible?" queried her visitor, in surprise; "I never noticed it."

"Is it with rigour thou rulest thy maiden, friend Bertha?" unheeding the little interruption.

"Not exactly," replied the young mistress, aggrieved; "I am neither unkind nor cruel to Marjorie."

Once more Miss Benson brought a well-worn volume to the table, "Walker's Dictionary," as Mrs. Carroll saw legibly printed on the binding.

"R-i-d" quoth her hostess, turning over the pages quietly. "R-i-g. Here we are, R-i-g-o-u-r, coldness, stiffness, severity, strictness, exactness. No mention of actual cruelty here, friend Bertha Carroll."

Then she handed the book to her visitor, and pointed out the next word. Slowly the younger woman read it, "Rigorously, without tenderness."

"Ye shall not rule one over another without tenderness," paraphrased Miss Benson, as she replaced "Walker" tidily on the shelf. "It is God's word, Bertha Carroll."

* * * * * * *

Marjorie's mistress had learnt a lesson, and Marjorie O'Neill benefited not a little by it. Mrs. Carroll had never been unkind to her little maid, as she told Miss Benson, and with truth. But she had been exacting and cold, forgetting that the good Lord has said, "they are *my* servants."

When Marjorie, in her eagerness to please, would now and then—though far less often than before—let a piece of crockery fall from her hands, Mrs. Carroll learnt to say to herself, "ye masters, forbear threatening" (Ephesians vi. 9). When Marjorie forgot or misinterpreted orders, as she was apt to do in her girlish heedlessness, her mistress remembered that she had a "Master in Heaven" who was not "quick to mark iniquities" (Psalm xxx. 3), but with whom was "plenteous forgiveness."

And in her new-found mercy and gentleness, Mrs. Carroll became more than ever an object of fear to her little maiden. Only it was the fear born of love and reverence, not a slavish, unreasoning dread.

"There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared," was daily worked out in the daily life of mistress and maid.

Firmly and quietly, when necessary, Mrs. Carroll told Marjorie her faults, but it was always between themselves "alone" (Matthew xviii. 15), not in an open, grumbling way.

And so together they worked as "servants of the most high God" (Daniel xii.), until Marjorie's mistress was served "not with eye service" only, for Marjorie had learnt *her* lesson as well, *i.e.*, "with goodwill to do service as to the Lord, and not unto men."

WOMEN can do a great deal for each other, if they will only stop fearing "what people will think," and take a hearty interest in whatever is going to fit their sisters and themselves to deserve and enjoy the rights God gave them.

THE man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege.—*Helps.*

"Do the duty that comes first, and one never knows what beautiful experience it may blossom into."

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

(Rev. xxi. 25.)

BY MRS. G. E. MORTON.

LANGUAGE is very poor to express all the depth of meaning that is comprehended in this short sentence. The first thought that strikes us is that it speaks not of earth, but heaven, for "while the earth remaineth . . . summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease" (Gen. viii. 22). The sun will continue on its appointed course, rising and setting (to use the common expression), now shedding light upon our homes, and now leaving them in darkness. And so to us in our spiritual life there will be the alternations of light and shade; for while life lasts, joy and sorrow must mingle in our path, at one time causing brightness and laughter, and at another leaving us in heaviness and tears.

But "there shall be no night *there!*" In that blessed place, where Jesus Himself has gone to prepare habitations for His redeemed ones, there is no darkness. There are no shadows to cast a gloom over the joy, no absence of light to cause fear and doubt. What makes the brightness and the glory of that land? The ever-abiding visible presence of the spotless Lamb of God. *He* "is the light thereof"; and the Sun of Righteousness (Mal. iv. 2 and Luke i. 78, *margin*) never sets! They who, through humble faith in the atonement offered by His precious blood, are accounted worthy to enter that City whose builder and maker is God, will be henceforth free from all darkness in the soul, for the rays of the Sun of Righteousness will scatter at once and for ever all cloud and tempest; and eyes from which God Himself will wipe the tears can never weep again!

We know but little of the glories of that better land to which we all hope to come, but the glimpses that are given us make our hearts throb with eager expectancy and longing. It is true that eye hath not seen, neither can the heart conceive, what good things our God has prepared for them that love Him (Isa. lxiv. 4); but this we *do* know—that they shall dwell in His presence, and that in His presence is *fulness* of joy (Psa. xvi. 11), that they shall see His face (Psa. xvii. 15 and Rev. xxii. 4), that the Lord God will give them light, and that they shall reign for ever (Rev. xxii. 5).

Oh, wonderful contrast between the discipline of *time* and the perfect bliss when "time shall be no longer"! Oh, rod of love, that scourges only to bring our feet into the way of peace, and into the path that leads to the City of God! Oh, Wisdom Infinite, that decrees us in this life darkness and clouds, as well as sunshine and light, for the culture of our souls, that we may grow thereby.

But *is* the night of sorrow, the spirit of heaviness, necessary for our soul's health? Could we not quicker grow in grace if our earthly way lay ever open to the sun's bright rays? No, not so. Else would He whose very essence is Love have showered one full stream of light and joy upon our path. It is a sad *necessity* that makes Him send us the cold north wind of adversity. Affliction is often the greatest blessing God can bestow and man receive—*often*, not always, for though the end He designs in sending it is our profit, yet sometimes an impatient, rebellious, or murmuring spirit under the stroke hinders the benefit we should have derived from it.

It is very reluctantly, "not willingly," He chastises; and nowhere can we see this more plainly than in those touching words in which He describes his yearning after Ephraim—rebellious, backsliding, idolatrous Ephraim! yet still his "dear child"—"Since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 20. See also Isaiah lxiii. 9).

What does affliction, rightly endured, work for us in the end? An "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. iv. 17). And what is the effect of chastisement, patiently and humbly submitted to? It "yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby" (Heb. xii. 9-11).

And so, when He bids the north wind to awake and to blow upon His garden, it is that the spices thereof may flow out. What is it that brings a careless Christian to his knees and quickens him to more earnest prayer? Affliction. What is it that drives the worldly man to the Throne of Grace, and compels him to cry for mercy? Affliction, by which he is made to feel his need of God; his want of One mighty to help; the urgent necessity for a change of heart, and for pardon.

But darkness sometimes comes down upon the soul that *has* taken Christ for his portion; is it, therefore, a sign of the Lord's displeasure and of the hiding of His face? Surely not, except in the case of the backslider, to bring his sin to his remembrance, and to cause him to return unto the Lord, who will "abundantly pardon" the penitent. The saints of God are often in "heaviness through manifold temptations," and we are told why: it is that the trial of their faith "might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

The Saviour draws very near to the soul that keeps this faith firmly in the gloom. When the clouds of trouble are thickly overshadowing the believer, Jesus is close beside him, saying, "Fear not, for *I* am with thee," and when this voice is heard the soul can affirm, "when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." No tongue can express, no heart can fathom, the depth of God's tenderness. You remember how He is called "the Father of Mercies and the God of all Comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulation" (2 Cor. i. 3, 4). Then, again, in Isaiah lxvi. 13, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Can any words be more descriptive of lovingkindness and tender mercy?

But there may be not only *comfort*, but *joy* in the dark with Jesus, for "He giveth songs in the night!" The season of darkness, moreover, is a time when the Lord *teaches* His people. "Thou hast proved mine heart; Thou hast visited me in the night," is the experience of others besides the "sweet Psalmist of Israel," and, like him, they can say, even when waves and billows are passing over their heads, "in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life" (Psa. xlii. 7).

It is a blessed truth that Christ is with His people *always*, and His presence sweetens the bitter cup of trial. His presence sheds light on the darkest cloud, and enables His suffering ones to smile, even in the furnace of affliction, and to sing in the black and dark night, when the storm is beating against the door.

"Who teacheth like Him?" Whether, therefore, the means He uses are the rough north or east wind, or the soft, gentle breezes of the south—whether He sends darkness or light, cloud or sunshine, songs or sighing, let us praise Him for all, keeping firm hold of Him by faith, and being diligent that we may be found of Him in peace when He shall call us home. For "there shall be no night *there!*" but "the Lord shall be our Everlasting Light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

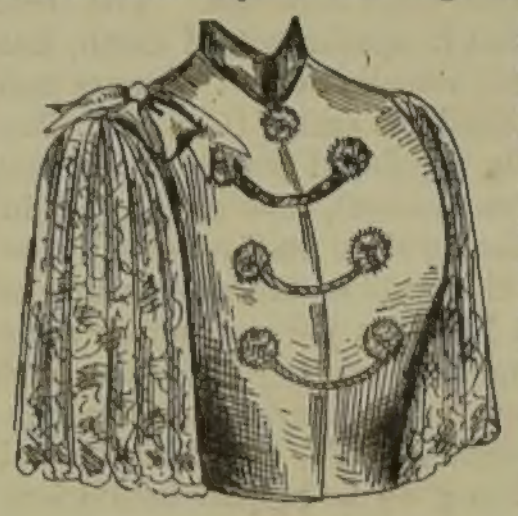
VERY important articles of dress to ladies who are no longer young, are caps. The most economical advice that can be given, is to do without them as long as possible; but there certainly comes a day when the hair gets scanty and straggling, the cheeks fall in, the young daughters or nieces have grown up to woman's estate, and then matron and spinster alike must wear some simple indoor covering for the head. These things are so expensive to buy, and so easy to make at home when once a suitable and becoming shape is fixed upon, that most women make them for themselves.

It is worth while giving a little consideration to the subject of lace, for nothing looks so tawdry and unbecoming as the common machine-made laces, that are only suitable for pincushion covers or an old dame's nightcap. Mauresque or Edelweiss lace, though also machine made, falls very softly and makes up into a becoming cap, and will wash several times before it looks shabby. But there is really nothing so strong or useful, though the outlay is more to start with, than pillow lace, which is made by English women in Bucks and Bedfordshire, as well as in Devon, and as it is a positive cottage industry, it is a real kindness to buy it off the pillow, that is, without the intervention of a dealer or middleman, who first sells the cotton, and then buys the lace from the makers and sells it to the shops. A really good Torchon or a Maltese pattern, very suitable for caps, may be had for sixpence and eightpence per yard; a nice cap can be made with two or three yards, according to the width and the size of cap preferred, and it washes and wears like a pocket-handkerchief.

Before quitting the subject of lace, it may be as well to describe a very easy way of washing it, which is as effectual as having it cleaned by a professional hand. Cut up a little yellow soap in thin shavings, add a lump of soda the size of a walnut, pour boiling water over, and when soap and soda are both melted and the mixture is nearly cold, put the lace in and swish it about with one hand till the dirt disappears. Then squeeze it out and change the water for a little that is clean and lukewarm, with the least suspicion of blue in it. Hang the wet lace on a horse or a chair before the fire for a few minutes, then pull out the scollops rather vigorously with the finger and thumb, fold the lace over smoothly, and lay it in a heavy book, between sheets of thin writing or blotting paper. Put the book under a weight, or back in the book shelves, if there are plenty of other books to pack up to it closely, and use the lace as you want it.

The shape of a cap depends on the head of the wearer. Any one who has a small, well-formed head should have a close-fitting cap that will not exaggerate any point, but leave the head as ornamental as Nature meant it to be. A head that is flat at the top, is improved by the cap being slightly raised, as the majority of bought caps are. A woman who has but little hair behind, should bring down the back point of her head-dress, or place a rounded lappet there, or an end and long loops of ribbon.

An easy plan is to take an oblong piece of double washing net, which is softer than foundation net, fold it in the middle of the length, and then with the scissors cut off a rounded slope from the front and back, so as to leave a point (not a sudden one) to come over the forehead, and another behind. This should be neatly bound with a crossway piece of net or narrow sarsnet ribbon, so that it may not catch the hair. On this, tack two or three rows of slightly fulled lace according to the width, letting the scollops of the first row come about half an inch beyond the edge of the foundation. Make a pretty bow of several long loops and ends of narrow ribbon, and put it on the top, tacking the loops down so that they may not flap and look untidy when the wearer moves. A very good example of this kind of cap is given in our illustration. Two or three inches of net, with lace arranged on it in waterfall fashion, tacked under the first row of lace, on such a cap as this, makes it suitable for an older person, or the foundation can be mounted on a half-inch band of net, which makes it stand up higher.



August is a month when the heat is usually very oppressive, and most young people go out of doors simply in their dresses, without any cape or mantle at all. Some, however, do not exactly "fancy themselves" without something of the sort. The shoulder cape we give in the illustration is intended to be made of satin merveilleux or surah, and a yard is quite enough for the back and fronts. The sleeves, or rather imitations of them, are of deep lace, which is very inexpensive, and a yard and a quarter is enough for the two. The little bow on one shoulder is the latest touch of fashion, and certainly smartens the cape. The ornamentation in front may be made with fancy buttons and a yard of silk cord, or can be bought at very moderate prices.

Those who enjoy sea-bathing should always have gowns of their own. It is not nice to wear the bathing gowns that have been on half a dozen other people, dirty or clean, previously, even though they are perpetually in and out of the water. Then one tears off a string, and another a button, and the bathing-machine proprietors have not time to put them on again. The bathing gowns of a family, marked and done up in a strap, will always be taken care of on the beach, and the owners of the machines find that it saves them a great deal of trouble. The wearer of a bathing gown ought to be able to swim in it, so it is desirable that it should be made in the form of drawers, with a body and short sleeves, which leave the arms unimpeded. It is neither more nor less than the garment familiarly known as combinations, only made a little higher in the neck. It may be made in ticking or coarse serge, the former being a little lighter for swimming. Those who wish to be smart will trim either material with a few rows of red braid; and a quilling of the stuff, or turned down collar, is the best finish round the neck. The buttons should be horn or mother-of-pearl, but not metal, as that rusts and rots the material, making it first dirty, and afterwards it drops into holes.

The flat pattern of the shoulder cape described and illustrated this month can be had by enclosing 6½d. in postage stamps, and the flat pattern of the bathing gown may be had by enclosing 8½d. in stamps, to M. L., 5, Suffolk Place, Pall Mall, S.W. Please write the word "Patterns" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope.

We cannot, however, guarantee to send the patterns by RETURN OF POST, *though every effort will be made to dispatch them promptly. M. L. will also send patterns and prices of the laces mentioned in the above article if a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded for the purpose, and will send any laces that may be chosen.*